

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS • EDITORS

# THE Quill

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• AND • PUBLISHERS •

# THE QUILL

A Magazine for Writers, Editors and Publishers

FOUNDED 1912

VOL. XXIII



No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1935

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OFFICES

Editorial Office  
4252 Cortland Avenue  
Detroit, Mich.

Office of Publication  
115 East Fifth Street  
Fulton, Mo.

Business Office  
836 Exchange Avenue  
Chicago, Ill.

National Headquarters of Sigma Delta Chi  
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## AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

THIS time, as Ed Wynn observes weekly to "Graham," the program's going to be different.

Taking a brief respite from the series on magazines and magazine men, also the series on outstanding correspondents, we have an issue devoted to a variety of newspaper and press association topics and experiences.

John H. Sorrells, executive editor of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, has some interesting remarks on chain newspapers in reply to the recent indictment in *THE QUILL* by the Hon. Chase S. Osborn.

Hugh Baillie, executive vice president of the *United Press*, in a quickly moving, story-packed article, tells of reporters who used their heads in emergencies and makes a plea for originality and brightness in copy.

O. K. Barnes, of the Nashville bureau of the *Associated Press*, tells in dramatic fashion his experiences in covering the Shelbyville, Tenn., riot. Stuart F. Leete tells how to add to your income by free lance work. Charles D. Kountz tells the story of a scoop won by square dealing.

We hope you enjoy the number. Forthcoming issues will bring more articles on magazines and their makers, also more of the get-acquainted stories of outstanding journalistic figures.

MANY of you QUILL readers, I'm sure, will remember John De Vine, former New York newspaperman, who has been free lancing for the last three years in a small West Virginia town. He has contributed several interesting, helpful articles on free lancing and other subjects to the magazine.

Well, he and his family are now located in Martinsburg, W. Va., where he is editing the *Martinsburg News*. And, judging by the copies he has forwarded to this department, he's doing a good job of it, too.

He writes that he would be glad to exchange papers with other readers of *THE QUILL* who are editing weeklies, particularly in the Middle West, the Far West, the East and the South.

"Perhaps we all can get some new ideas that way," he adds.

Sounds like a good idea to us. Any one interested in effecting such an exchange might write directly to Mr. De Vine to that effect. We'll be glad to act as the go-between if any other of you QUILL readers would like to work out similar exchanges.

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# Speaking for the Chains—

## A Reply to Criticism Leveled at Group Ownership of Newspapers

By JOHN H. SORRELLS

Executive Editor, Scripps-Howard Newspapers

**Y**OU have asked me if I would reply to the indictment of chain newspapers written by Mr. Chase S. Osborn, and published in your December issue. Frankly, I think the whole argument is pointless, because it is entirely academic. The success or failure of any newspaper enterprise resolves itself finally into a question of public acceptance. Chain newspapers have earned public acceptance.

The main points of Mr. Osborn's contentions are that chain ownership places remarkable powers in the hands of one individual or in constricted ownership; that the chief aim of chain ownership is commercial, in consequence of which, the editorial department is subordinated to the business office; and that chain ownership enslaves large blocs of the press to the purely personal biases and often dangerous motives of single individuals.

The fallacy in this argument is obvious. Mr. Osborn has outlined some basic journalistic abuses—abuses which could be true of newspapers of any type—and has left the inferences that they apply only to chain journalism.

So far as chain journalism placing remarkable powers in the hands of one individual, Mr. Osborn forgets, or perhaps does not know, that the individual unit in a chain organization, competing on the ground with a non-chain institution, has a separate and distinct entity. It must have character and individuality and personality of its own. It must be as local to its community as its non-chain competitor. That being true—and it is true—ownership of several newspapers reposes no greater power in the hands of the owner than any single unit of that chain can give him. The strength of the chain lies in the strength of the individual link. The owner of a non-chain news-

paper therefore—assuming his paper has strength—has in his hands just as great power as the owner of a chain.

Mr. Osborn's argument about the commercial motive behind chain newspaper ownership is wholly specious. The ultimate aim of all newspaper publishers—excepting the cases of those newspapers which are the organs of political or other groups that have other than journalistic aims—is commercial. They all hope to make money.

It would be a miracle if a newspaper made money by subverting the editorial department to the business office. Publishers learned many years ago that more money could be made by building reader acceptance of an honest, socially-minded editorial product than by the publication of a subversive, pandering type of paper. Nevertheless, and regardless of the motive behind newspaper ownership, an alert and appreciative interest in the money-making part of the business is necessary if the enterprise succeeds. Journalistic independence comes from financial independence.

**T**HE fact is that everything Mr. Osborn cites as a danger in chain ownership constitutes also a danger in the operation of a single-unit newspaper. These dangers are common to journalism, irrespective of the system of ownership or operation. The owner of a single-unit has great power; his poli-

cies are liable to represent his personal biases; he *might* be more interested in making money than in serving the public interest.

Aside from the facilities for developing talent that are possessed by large newspaper chains, it seems to me that the greatest strength of newspaper chains constitutes also the greatest capacity any newspaper has for public service. That is the ability to keep the newspaper financially free from entangling alliances.

The Scripps-Howard newspapers, with 23 composing rooms, pay the Intertype and the Mergenthaler company exactly the same price for a type-setting machine that the Rison, Arkansas, *Star* pays; it pays no less per ton for paper than any given competitor pays; it pays no less for its presses; it pays the same scale of wages.

**T**HE strength of the chain—and its chief asset as a medium of public service—is that financially it can be kept out of the hands of a local banking group, or a local political group, or any other group that might use it as a medium for selfish and unsocial purposes.

As a matter of fact, all there is to say about the issue boils down to this: a newspaper either serves its community or it doesn't; its editorial product is either free from personal bias and sinister motives or it's not; it is either an honestly managed business or it's not. If it serves its community, if it's free from unwholesome or sinister alliances, if it's honestly managed, the chances are that it will, in the long run, succeed. If it does succeed, it will succeed because the public is satisfied that it fulfills a need and a desire. The system under which its ownership operates has, *per se*, nothing whatsoever to do with it.

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**A**RE newspaper chains good or bad developments of modern journalism? Is their growth, their strength and their power something to be hailed with approval or to be deplored and condemned?

In an outspoken article appearing in the November issue of *The Quill*, the Hon. Chase S. Osborn—forceful writer, editor and publisher—voiced his criticism of chain operation of newspapers. Mr. Osborn said he was directing his remarks at no particular chain or individual.

John H. Sorrells, executive editor of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, was asked to study Mr. Osborn's remarks, then reply to them. His case for the chain newspapers is presented in the concise, accompanying article.

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# So He Scooped the World

## The Story Behind One of the Biggest "Beats" in Newspaper History

By CHARLES D. KOUNTZ

INTEGRITY was the dominant trait in the character of A. E. McKee. Men in all walks of life recognized this, and because of it they gave him their confidence and sought his advice on many personal problems. Bankers and borrowers, rich and poor, statesmen and crooks, went to him for human understanding and got it. He could be trusted.

At the start of this century a Cleveland banker who had high political ambitions found himself in difficulty. Certain things had happened which threatened to compromise him. A wrong interpretation would have ruined him politically and perhaps financially as well.

In desperation the banker sent for Mac, laid all his cards on the table and asked him how the situation could be saved. Mac knew the banker to be thoroughly honorable. Taking full charge of the affair, Mac straightened it out.

When the crisis had passed, the banker went to Mac, expressed his gratitude and said, "I hope I'll have a chance to repay you." It was all in the day's work to Mac, but the banker remembered.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1901, was a fateful date in American history. In the afternoon of that day President William McKinley was shot while holding a reception at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo.

The wounded statesman was rushed to the home of an intimate friend. A guard was immediately thrown about the house and all information as to the nature and extent of the President's injury was withheld. Mr. McKinley's secretary, George B. Cortelyou, who was with his chief, wanted to reach some of the President's close advisers before giving any details to the press. Meanwhile a telegraph line was installed in the house where the President lay.

In Cleveland frantic efforts were being made to locate Marcus A. Hanna, who was one of Mr. McKinley's most intimate friends and political advisers. Hanna had gone to the country and several hours passed before he could

BEHIND many of the outstanding "breaks" falling to newspapermen, by which they scoop the other papers and perhaps get a bonus or a raise in salary, are stories of friendship, confidence and integrity upon which the "breaks" were based.

Such is the story related in the accompanying article by Charles D. Kountz of the late A. E. McKee, well known, loved and respected editor of the Ohio State Journal, of Columbus, Ohio, to whom death came some months ago. The article is reprinted from the Ohio Newspaper.

Integrity, honesty and decency pay dividends.

ously sidled up to Mac and slipped into the reporter's hand a piece of crumpled telegraph flimsy. Mac shoved the paper into a pocket and went off to read it alone. It was Cortelyou's reply to Hanna's message. Written in the clear, flowing style practiced by telegraph operators of that day, it told the whole story of the tragedy, ending with the ominous words, "The wound is necessarily fatal."

Mac rushed to his newspaper, wrote the story that first carried to the world the truth about President McKinley's injury, and gave his paper and the press association that served it a "beat" that ranks with the classics in American newspaper history. But, being a good newspaperman, he did not tell the source of his information. The story was printed with a Buffalo date-line, though written in Cleveland.

The banker whom Mac befriended and from whom he got the news that enabled him to "break" the story of the McKinley tragedy was Myron T. Herrick, later governor of Ohio and U. S. Ambassador to France.

This great scoop was one of the many dividends earned by A. E. McKee from his investment in personal integrity, the one essential virtue.

### NEW AWARD ESTABLISHED

This year the Oregon chapter of Sigma Delta Chi will present an added trophy in its Best Weekly contest held in conjunction with the Oregon Press conference. The new annual award is a memorial to Hal E. Hoss, late secretary of the state and an associate member of Sigma Delta Chi. The cup will be awarded to the best judged weekly published in a town of 1,000 or less population.

The Sigma Delta Chi cup will remain as the sweepstake prize for Oregon's best weekly. The Hoss cup, it is hoped, will attract more of the smaller papers to enter the contest.

\* \* \*

ELSWORTH MAXWELL (Butler '34) is a copy editor on the desk of the Indianapolis News.

# I Struck Pay Dirt in the Country

By STUART F. LEETE

**S**O you're stuck 'way out in the sticks, are you? And you don't see any opportunities for freelancing? Don't worry. There are plenty of them there for the wide-awake journalist.

When the unlamented depression knifed away my lucrative job as Los Angeles advertising and editorial manager for a large string of nationally known trade journals—after the first sickening shock was over and I emerged from the ether of despondency—I decided to go back to the soil.

"Going back to the soil" didn't involve starting a wayside vegetable stand or beer garden; neither was I interested in a two-acre chicken ranch. I got a job as sports editor on a tri-weekly country newspaper, then immediately made negotiations with the city editor of a newspaper in a nearby bigger town to handle the correspondence for him in my locality. These two jobs enabled me to have a shirt laundered now and then, and to eat with fair regularity.

All would have been as merry as a Reno divorce lawyer when a New York socialite shows up, were it not for the melancholy fact that the tri-weekly I worked for was sold after I'd been there a year and I was out.

**B**USINESS of looking for another job. Business of being told: "We have all the reporters we need. You don't know where *I* can get a job, do you?"

"Heavens!" thought I, "if I can't work for someone else, I might as well work for myself." So I put a classified ad in a newspaper trade paper asking for a country paper to lease. I didn't lease any paper but I did get a job that paid slightly more than my former combined earnings as sports editor and correspondent. I was now able to have a clean shirt every week and an occasional bottle of beer.

I was editor and advertising manager of a weekly newspaper in a town of 800 people—I was going to say "souls" but on second thought I guess not.

**G**OING to take over my new job, I stopped off in the nearest big town and got lined up as correspondent in my small town for the leading daily paper of that part of the state,

which modestly (for a daily newspaper) claimed not to cover the entire universe, but merely Northern California.

I soon had my job lined up—it was simplicity itself—so that I only had to do about two and a half days' work to turn out the sheet. The boss who handled the back shop, doing all the mechanical work of getting out the paper, was extremely amiable, and my time was my own after my sorties for ads, job printing, and the latest dope on Mrs. Gadabout's pinochle fiesta was in type.

Since the only practical thing I learned in college was to write two line "He" and "She" jokes for the alleged funny paper, I decided to eke out my weekly reward as a joke writer. I wrote 250 of them and finally sold seven through a tip in a writer's trade magazine. The five dollars I got for the jokes was the first free lance money I'd ever earned, and I suppose it should have been framed or something. However it was squandered in a lavish endeavor to seduce the village belle.

I was still writing jokes when a local resident who happened to be a nationally known criminologist tipped me off to a more lucrative field. He lent me a battered old reflex curtain shutter speed camera and I was launched as the village photographer.

My newspaper correspondence paid

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**H**ERE is a breezy, informative account of the experiences of a young trade journal executive whose job was swept away by the depression.

In relating his adventures for readers of *The Quill*, Stuart F. Leete points out the possibilities of adding to one's income—even in a town of less than 1,000—by feature work for newspapers and magazines.

If he could do what he did despite the adverse circumstances of recent years, how much more might an equally wide-awake writer do in more prosperous times?

Mr. Leete is now back in San Francisco as the editor of a trade journal.

at the munificent rate of 11½ cents per column inch. The same space rates were paid for photos, and the nice things about photos was that they took lots and lots of space. Also the paper I corresponded for was a fool for photos anyway. They'd use practically anything that would get by the postal censor.

However, the big money making field for photos wasn't in selling photos to the daily paper but in selling photos to the localites—oftimes the subjects of my news photos. And then there were the photos that might be used in auto damage suits.

**T**HE town I lived in was situated on a main highway, excellently paved with few turns, and long straightaways stretching for 10 miles or more. Joe Doke, the corset salesman from San Francisco, under the influence of an order for three gross Rock Ribbed Scantee Panties and a fifth of country style gin, was apt to let his snorting chariot out to 80 knots or so.

Lulled into security by the long straightaways, Joe'd forget to turn at one of the infrequent curves and snap a telephone pole. Little me with the camera would rattle out in my wheezing flivver and take some nice pretty pictures of the wreck for the daily paper, and also—much more important—some pictures for Joe's insurance company. Or if Joe had collided with another machine, the pictures might be taken for either Joe's or the opposition's lawyer. The pictures sent to the paper paid for my time and film, but the real gravy was in the pictures sold to the lawyers. Taking a leaf from their own books I charged all the law would allow—which was usually plenty.

Other angles for making money out of the little black box were taking shots of golden wedding celebrations, which in that fair California county are positively virulent. Also virulent are big family reunion picnics and other ordeals. Such orgies were all good for pictures, and I usually sold participants from one to two dozen prints at about two or two and a half dollars per dozen.

**O**THER subjects for my camera were new mercantile enterprises of any sort, such as new stores, service

(Continued on page 10)

# KEEP COOL—AND

"S theah a Shoshated Press man heah?"

It was noon, Dec. 19, in a restaurant near the Associated Press office in Nashville, and the darky waiter's words drew my attention from a savory plate of "spiced round."

He pointed to a telephone. That telephone message was to erase all interest in eating or sleeping for two days. It was to send me into the midst of a mob riot which saw four men killed and a score wounded, a courthouse burned, a near-race riot, and a town left in lawless chaos to be ended only by troop occupation.

E. K. Harris, a negro, had been escorted to Shelbyville from Nashville that morning by 110 National Guardsmen to stand trial on charges of assaulting a white school girl. My telephone call was from Pugh Moore, acting chief of bureau.

"BARNES? Hell's popping at Shelbyville. A mob has stormed the courthouse! Get into the office quick."

I did, but arrived only a minute before Hilton Butler, capitol reporter for the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal*.

"Who's going to Shelbyville? I'm on my way!" he yelled.

Moore nodded to me, and I swept up pencils in one hand, overcoat in the other and notepaper with my teeth as Butler whirled out. A moment later we were off in his heavy roadster on a 60-mile trip we would do in 60 minutes—with seven minutes out for refueling.

"We've got to get gas," Butler said as we topped a hill near Murfreesboro. Then: "Great Scott, for the first time in my life, I've forgotten the key to the gas tank!"

"Knock off the cap with an axe," I suggested callously.

But Lady Luck already was doing her stuff for us. At Murfreesboro, we found Butler had (also for the first time) forgotten to have his gas tank locked.

The roar and speed of Butler's car startled Tennessee country folk as they worked in the fields, left a trail of de-feathered poultry, and so brought us to Shelbyville, county seat of Bedford, with a population of 5,000.

On the courthouse square is the main business and hotel section. On it, this day, was a mob of several hundred roughly dressed men, crowding along the sidewalk opposite the

## Plenty of Things Happen When a Mob Tries to Take the Law in Its Hands

By O. K. BARNES

Nashville Bureau, The Associated Press

courthouse door. In the courthouse yard, facing them across 50 yards of lawn and street, was a section of troops in extended order, faces smeared and clothing disheveled from hand-to-hand fighting.

My first move was to establish a monopoly on a hotel telephone.

Learning that one man already had been killed in a second attack on the troop-defended courthouse, I telephoned the news to Nashville and then hunted the adjutant-general, J. H. Ballew. He was conferring with guard officers on the courthouse steps, behind the line of troops. They feared their thin line might not withstand another hand-to-hand clash without heavy loss of life.

The day was cloudy and dark, and tear gas still hung low around the square. The mob members were whipping themselves into renewed fury, drinking heavily, glaring across "No Man's Land." I joined the little huddle of officers.

"Bring 'em inside, Colonel," said Gen. Ballew, and while the troops filed into the courthouse and set up their defenses at doors and windows, I again phoned Nashville.

THE retreat within the courthouse was all that was needed to spur the repulsed mob to action again.

I was halfway across the courthouse square, headed for the door, when the mob charged for the third and last time.

Eyes weeping with tear gas, Butler and I stood there and watched while the attackers, cursing and shouting, most of them barehanded, hurled themselves upon the most modern weapons of war in an assault that cost three more lives and left a dozen more wounded.

One man in the van of group that surged up the courthouse steps, seized a bench and smashed the front door. He was shot through the head, and fell eight feet from the porch. Others in the mob were dropping to the tune of rifles and riot guns.

It was like watching a motion picture. Guns were firing, men were falling, but it was unbelievable that they could really be dead or wounded. They just crumpled up. Slowly, the mob retreated across the square.

AFTER telephoning a bulletin, I plunged into a group carrying a victim, and sought to get his name—a procedure worthy of a three-months cub reporter. Either they could not tell me, or would not. They were sullen and silent. Apparently they did not know I was a reporter. Reporters were eligible for lynching that day, along with Harris, militiamen and some county officers.

Only a moment was lost, however, before I remembered the precepts of reporting ground into me over a period of years. Just scratch off that moment to excitement. Still, other news men must have been equally astray. I got the list of dead and wounded from the one hospital and three funeral establishments. No other reporter had yet done so!!

The AP was first with the correct casualty list, one which stood up throughout under pressure of opposition rebuttal.

One opposition reporter admitted to me later he had taken the rumor that six were dead and divided by two in reaching his total.

Luck was with me. Telephoning took time, as did hospital checking (I made one personal visit to the hospital), but each drama was saved until I was there to see it. That weird succession of events went like this:

The guardsmen disguised the negro as one of their number and rushed him out of town by auto.

The guardsmen marched out of the courthouse, past the mob, which hurled curses and stones.

The mob set fire to four troop trucks which had been left unguarded, and restrained firemen from extinguishing the flames.

A photographer was beaten and run

# DON'T GET SHOT!

out of town when he tried to "shoot" a picture.

The courthouse was set afire. It was the pride of the county, its spire visible in daylight 10 or 15 miles away. So it was that night, when the whole structure was a bonfire. Again armed men restrained the firemen, turned them away from fireplugs, cut hose lines. The firemen deserve medals. They managed to keep one or two lines working throughout.

**T**HREE was an unending stream of wild rumors, each of which required checking. They included a plan to lynch the sheriff, to dynamite the jail, to burn the waterworks, to burn the negro district, and innumerable other such. Meanwhile, a constant check on the hospital and scenes of activity was necessary.

There was no law, no order. Bands of infuriated and drunken men, armed, roved the streets. Negroes caught outdoors were manhandled and a race riot seemed imminent.

Throughout existed a mad drive for pictures. "Pictures!" Always came that cry over the 'phones, with pictures at a premium and photographers in danger of their lives. But the rumor business, after the main story had been cleaned up, was the most punishing of all.

One rumor nearly cost the AP its representative. Before the troops retired came word the sheriff had been wounded. He was inside the courthouse. The smoke still hung heavy

from the third mob assault. I tried to get into the building.

"Get back! Get back!" the guardsmen screamed. They were mostly high school boys who had seen probably their first violence. Beardless youths had killed and bayoneted men that day. They were nervous, shaky, excited. I reached into my pocket, thoughtlessly, to extract a pass which the adjutant-general had given me earlier.

"I've got a pass," I yelled, waiving it.

"Get back!" came the hoarse, almost pleading cry again. In the dusk and haze surrounding the doorway, I at last distinguished a squad sighting its rifles at me. I halted. I got back. After all, a pass is scanty protection against an army rifle.

**I**t was 3:00 a. m. before all was clear and the streets at last were quiet. Then I decided to take a hurried bath to refresh a flagging body. In the tub, covered with suds, I was summoned by the hotel porter. I reached the lobby in time to hear the hotel manager hang up, saying: "Aw, I told you. He's gone to bed. He'll be down as soon as we can wake him." It was Bureau Chief Wayne T. Cottingham, my boss!

He had been on a business trip in West Tennessee when the story broke, and then he had broken all records getting back to Nashville to direct the job, arriving only a few hours after the first tip-off.

Although I wasn't called upon for proof I hadn't gone to bed, I immedi-

ately afterward dragged a photographer upstairs to establish my innocence through an inspection of the tub!

**T**HE mob tragedy had its humor, too. If one anecdote is true, the judge hearing the negro's case in the courtroom during the peak of the rioting, finally became irate at the disturbance outside.

He beckoned to a lanky deputy and commanded:

"Hey, you, go down there, and if you see anybody acting disorderly, PUT 'EM UNDER ARREST!"

Five hundred state troops marched into Shelbyville on the morning of Dec. 20, and although a day of "clean-up" work was necessary, the actual "war" was over.

Before I reached Nashville again, I had done a 40-hour trick without sleep. The damages were mitigated slightly by one-half of a bath and one shave. The office had notified my parents of my whereabouts, but not the lady with whom I failed to keep a cinema engagement. She was somewhat annoyed, a sentiment recurrent among those who have newspaper friends.

This accounting would not be complete without mention of the Nashville bureau's work in handling the story. Messrs. Cottingham, Moore, Bill Ardery and John Hightower were sleepless as long as I, and worked just as hard at the more prosaic task of feeding the story to the wires and dispatching scores of picture prints throughout the country.

**W**HILE not posing as an expert on riot coverage, I learned a few lessons which future riot reporters may find fruitful.

The difficulties confronted are both internal and external. Within is the reporter's heart, adjacent to his tonsils at the thrill of covering such a spectacle.

Herein is the first difficulty. Not until afterward can he afford to indulge himself in the thought: "I was there. I saw it. It was my story." He cannot afford to experience shock or amazement, else he will lose time and accuracy. He must be a cool observer and remember his job.

First, of all, he must open a line of communication, establish headquarters, then contact officials, leaders or

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**H**ERE is a first-hand account of what happened in the recent riot in Shelbyville, Tenn., written by one of the newsmen dispatched to the scene.

O. K. Barnes left the University of Kentucky to become a cub reporter on the Lexington Leader. Five months later he went to the Louisville Herald-Post as a rewrite man. Later he became assistant sports editor and then state editor. Returning to college, he was graduated in 1930.

He joined the Associated Press bureau at Louisville in February, 1932, and was transferred to Nashville last September.

Between covering riots, war games, kidnapings and other stories these days he is studying French and other subjects that might aid him in being transferred to the AP foreign service at some later date.

# « « « Headwork Behind the

**A**NY man entering journalism has to make a choice between becoming a routine or hack reporter and a reporter or newspaper operator who stands on his own feet, thinks independently and acts courageously.

The former course is naturally much the easier. It appeals to the lazy minded and leads nowhere. The latter course is the harder, but the rewards are substantially greater. By that I mean the rewards not only in advancing in your profession, but also in the inner sense of self-satisfaction which you get out of a newspaper job well done.

For example, there comes to mind one of the *United Press* correspondents at the American front during the World War—Fred S. Ferguson, now President of the Newspaper Enterprise Association.

**B**EFORE the Battle of St. Mihiel, Fred was among the correspondents called together in a closely guarded hotel room in Nancy where Col. Denis Nolan, Chief of Intelligence of the AEF, explained in confidence the plan of battle.

Nolan revealed that a real American army had been put together on European soil for the first time, that the attack was under the personal direction of Pershing, and told the strength of the American artillery, tanks and other elements involved.

The idea was that this advance knowledge would help the correspondents cover the battle, that they should all get a few hours sleep and go out early the next morning to witness the proceedings. However, Ferguson went immediately to his typewriter and wrote the story of the attack, as covered by the plan of battle, in short takes. He made each a separate cable to the New York office of the *United Press*. He arranged that they should be filed by four different routes so that if some were held up, others would get through. Each short take was complete in itself in giving the news that the first American attack was in progress at St. Mihiel, but each take carried some additional information so that when all were assembled a complete story was at hand.

Then he gave all the messages to the censor, entrusted them to his care, and asked that he release them when it became known that the attack was successful. Of course, if the attack had

## Initiative and Enthusiasm Help Newsmen Steer Their Courses Safely Past Perilous Shoals of Standardization

By HUGH BAILLIE

Executive Vice President, The United Press

failed, none of Ferguson's messages would have been sent.

But, as it happened, the battle proceeded just as scheduled and when Ferguson returned from the front around noon with the other correspondents, his story had been OK'd by the censor, cabled and was in print all over the United States before any opposition had so much as filed in Nancy. And when our competitors began to receive their first cable of the attack, the *United Press* was carrying details of the towns captured, prisoners taken and eye-witness stuff.

That is an example of the reporter outthinking his opposition—in advance. Here is another example to illustrate the value of getting out of the rut and doing things in your own way.

**P**AUL MALLON is a pugnacious Irishman, always looking for news. Because of his ability as a news-getter, we assigned him to Washington and he was placed on the Senate beat. There was a Senate rule which provided for secrecy on the votes cast for or against confirmation of Presidential nominations. This rule had been in effect since the beginning of things, I imagine. Mallon thought that the way the Senators voted on the President's appointments constituted news. So he proceeded to get the roll calls on important nominations and publish them, via the *United Press*.

This caused a great uproar in the Senate and finally Mallon was brought before a Senate committee and interrogated up and down and through the middle as to where he got his information. However, he withheld the verbal battering of the Senate committee and did not reveal his source. The net result was the Senate method of considering nominations was changed and secrecy no longer surrounds such proceedings.

This, of course, was an act of great public service on the part of Mallon,

breaking up a traditional and time-honored rule which really should have been abolished long before. Mind you, it is not the province of a press association man to conduct crusades or campaigns, or write editorials. Mallon was doing none of these things. He was merely getting the news. He did not suggest the Senate rules be changed. But because he continued to get the news, the rule was changed.

**A**S an example of the sudden crisis which may confront you if you are in a position of authority on a news desk, let us go back to the death of Pope Benedict XV. Everybody knew, of course, that His Holiness was very ill, at the point of death. Hourly bulletins were being sent all over the world, on his condition.

Early one morning the *United Press* received from its Rome office a code message that the Pope had died. However, accompanying this was another cablegram killing the code message. So we did not carry any such story.

This was at 7:00 a. m. Four hours later we began receiving tips on our own wires from all over the United States telling us that other news services were announcing the death of the Pope. Presently the New York papers with services other than the *United Press* issued editions with the story of the Pope's death. The same thing was done all over the country, all over the world. We had nothing, therefore stood pat and carried nothing.

The strain was intensified during the day. But we continued to stand fast and late that night our judgment was justified by the arrival of another doctor's bulletin giving the condition of the Pope, hours after he was supposed to have died.

**I**F you are in a key position on the news desk, you are likely to be confronted with an emergency decision of this nature any day, any hour. Every

# Headlines

day there is occasion to make dozens of smaller decisions which, if wrong, may cause much grief and woe. This is particularly true on a press association desk. On an individual newspaper you may make a mistake and that one paper will be affected. But if you are in a position of responsibility in a press association and you make a mistake, that mistake affects more than 1,200 newspapers, in the case of the *United Press*.

When Hauptmann was arrested, no one knew definitely for hours whether he was actually accused of kidnaping the Lindbergh baby. The story was, of course, of tremendous importance, eclipsing all others on that day and for days thereafter. Our news director had to use discretion as to just what moment the known and established facts justified him flashing the news that Hauptmann had actually been arrested for the Lindbergh crime. In a case of this sort, guesswork or a premature decision would cause hundreds of papers to go wrong, whereas undue hesitancy would cause hundreds of papers to get scooped.

Sometimes, as you will gather from what I have said, the scoop goes to the man who deliberately plans it; sometimes he gets it by accident; sometimes he plans to get it and doesn't. Ferguson at St. Mihiel planned his, and got it. There comes to mind another instance of one who did not plan but did get.

OME years ago there was a royal wedding in Europe. As the procession passed someone threw a bomb. The royal party was unhurt but there was great excitement and surging of the mob in the course of which the *United Press* correspondent found himself pinned against the wall of a building, unable to move.

He was caught there for such a long time that he thought he was hopelessly beaten. Finally he got clear and raced to the cable office. He dashed off his dispatch and handed it in. It so happened that a censorship had been clapped on and all the dispatches that had been filed ahead of his were stuck on a spike. A minute or two later the censorship was removed and the cables were sent. But in sending them the cable office worked from the top of the spike, so the first was last and the last was first.

On the occasion of the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia the shooting took place in the presence of two *United Press* correspondents, one of whom helped carry the dying King from his automobile. Naturally, no one could get closer to a story than that.

These things of which I treat happened to *United Press* men. There are many others of similar nature. Correspondents of other press associations have like adventures. The same goes for newspaper reporters. These particular experiences have an international flavor because they happened to press association men. But many times you will find experiences just as interesting and just as nerve-rack-



—Price Studios

**Hugh Baillie**

ing on the city editor's desk of any newspaper, or on the police run.

NE of the dangers confronting the newspaperman of today, especially the new generations emerging from schools of journalism, is that of standardization.

In the old days papers didn't have so much solid news. Press associations weren't developed as they are today. Telegraph news was scant. There was more elbow room in the papers. A man could go out and cover a fire in such an individualistic style that his fame would spread over all of Park Row in a night.

Most reporters worked on "space," in those days. They were paid according to the amount printed. The reporters all sat around like firemen waiting for assignments. If a man pleased the city editor with his originality and style, the city editor naturally singled him out for the fattest assignments thereafter. But if he was a poor dub and could write only a hack story, he might sit around the city-room for a week and never earn a cent, as he would never be called.

Things were so free and easy that sometimes the men drifted from one paper to another without any formality whatever. All this free swinging atmosphere naturally encouraged originality and it was often possible to identify a reporter's work by its style, regardless of whether the story was signed.

T'S a very far cry from the newspaper surroundings of those days. The editorial writer usually sat on a pile of back numbers and had his office so stuffed with old papers and

---

**W**HAT sort of reporter have you or will you become—a hack who follows routine day after day or one who refuses to let routine master him, dull his senses, his perception, his enthusiasm?

In the accompanying article—packed with anecdotes and inspiration—Hugh Baillie, executive vice president of the United Press Associations, points out how some newsgatherers have used their heads to make the headlines before their opposition. He points out the dangers of standardization—both for the individual and his newspaper—and makes a plea for brightness, originality and vigor.

His remarks were delivered originally in Los Angeles when the By-Liners Club of the University of Southern California was inducted as a chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity. Mr. Baillie was made an associate member of the new chapter.

His newspaper work began on the Southern California campus in 1908 as a reporter for the *Los Angeles Herald*. He later joined the staff of the *Los Angeles Record*, holding successively a variety of editorial posts. He became an assistant in the San Francisco bureau of the *United Press* in 1915 and rose to his present position by way of Portland, Chicago, Washington and New York bureaus.

musty paste pots that it constituted a fire hazard. Many of the old reporters never learned to use a typewriter. When typewriters first began coming into use the copy readers objected because they could not estimate the length of the articles, and the men were getting too much "space."

Now we are in the era of newspaper plants which look like modern factories, of complete and blanket coverage of all events outside the city limits by the press associations, of fixed standards of all sorts. So the trend is toward standardization.

I am sure that no real newspaperman wants to see this trend get out of hand, so all news will be pushed through the same mold and newspapermen become lacking in initiative and individual pride of accomplishment. So let's also pay a lot of attention to the individualist and the lad who can write a story with a certain twist that the other fellow hasn't got.

In the *United Press*, for example, we are famous for a little feature called "telegraphic tabloids," limited to 30 words and each supposed to have a snapper in it. We used to have 15 or 20 a day. Editors used them for brighteners. The bureau manager's first duty every morning was to write his tabs. Now, every once in awhile, they vanish from the news report altogether. They are replaced by more solid news, much more expensive news, much more important news, no doubt.

But when they disappear, the news report loses something—a spice, a tang—something that made it different, and more entertaining. After all, life isn't altogether statistical. We want some contrast to crime and international affairs and what's doing in the FERA. So we are always working to keep the tabs in the report. And let me tell you that when we get careless and permit the tabs to slump or disappear, a howl goes up from coast to coast. The editors want the news of Japan and the naval treaties, but they also want the tabs.

**T**HEY want bright, vivid writing. They appreciate the touch of real writing genius in handling a story, just as much as they ever did. The demand for outstanding, individualistic reporting and wordsmithing didn't die with the Danas and the Greeleys, by any means. So let's encourage talent of that kind. There is far too much ponderosity today. Much of the news itself is of necessity heavy, humorless, frowning. The most successful publishers go in strongly for contrast. To get that contrast they must have men with ideas, men who aren't going to let themselves get suffocated under the weight of serious news which flows freely in such huge quantities every day.

Let's encourage original thinking, and give a hand to the man who shows initiative, and isn't afraid to put it into his copy.

Of course, in this style of writing the brakes should be kept on at all times. There is a very fine line between tragedy and farce. If you don't maintain the proper balance you will find that the stuff you are writing or editing will quickly slump into the ridiculous. That is what makes the ability to produce material of this sort an art. Those who attempt it without the gift merely make themselves absurd. It is a talent to be nurtured and developed, but always should be used carefully.

This has always been one of the fundamentals of the *United Press*, which led in the development of the press association interview, the freak stories with the unusual twists, which specialized on enterprise. We encouraged the brilliant reporter, gave him his signature on his dispatch, advertised his identity at a time when most reporters worked anonymously. Now our competitors have followed our example.

Let's preserve the old-time religion in the newspaper business, let's stir up the enthusiasms that make the game worthwhile. Let's steer away from the drab, the dull, the standardized, the commonplace.

mobile club magazines published in San Francisco. The idea is to take a tour via auto, take a lot of pictures of picturesque spots, write up the trip as interestingly as possible (leaving out the number of rattlers you killed, and how Johnny fell over the bank and broke his arm) and sell the piece with the pictures to such a motorist's magazine. Motoring magazines published by clubs and associations flourish all over the United States.

Other possibilities for feature stories are the different improvements in farming methods being made on some nearby farm, agricultural experiments that are being carried out, etc. Farm journals are a good market for these. And now and then, to vary the monotony, there is a "good" murder that can be whipped into shape for the *American Weekly* or other Sunday newspaper supplement. Mostly, however, you'll find that the regular newspaper you are corresponding for will buy all your features.

**N**OW and then you'll discover that there is material at hand for an illustrated trade journal story.

The town baker, an ex-sea rover, erected a new bakery, and with a few pictures and quotations from sea chanties worked in, I wrote and sold a story to a Western baking journal. The possibilities for this sort of thing are greater than one might imagine, on alighting from the 8:49 at the depot of a town of 800.

All you have to do is to keep your eyes open for anything new in the town; improvements, industries, anything of that nature. Of course you know as well as I do that pictures are more important than the finest story ever written, for feature articles of any nature. So be sure you send in good pictures with your story.

The best way to make money when in the country is, of course, to marry the farmer's daughter, provided she's wealthy, and the next best way is to get a better job in the city. The latter is what I did, but I managed to make from \$20 to \$30 extra every month along the lines detailed while waiting. Maybe you can do even better.

Coming to this country to make a special study of the methods of American journalism, Herbert Sonthoff, of Berlin, is enrolled as a graduate student in the University of Georgia and is taking most of his work under the direction of the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism. Sonthoff has had newspaper experience in Berlin where he was a member of the staff of the *Germania*, a Catholic newspaper, for a year. He is attending the Georgia institution on an exchange fellowship with the University of Berlin.

## I Struck Pay Dirt in the Country

(Continued from page 5)

stations, beer gardens, a new tractor on Oskar Kowflop's ranch, pictures of the neighboring high-school activities, new homes, anything of that nature. Most of these pictures were taken on "spec"; that is, the picture is taken, and then the prospective buyer is given a little sales talk on how nice an eight-

by-ten enlargement would be. It's usually not hard to pry away two or three dollars, the creature having his fair share of vanity.

The third way to make money free lance is to combine picture taking with feature article writing. I found a wide open market in the two auto-

## ◆ THE BOOK BEAT ◆

**BEHIND THE FRONT PAGE**, by Wilbur Forrest. D. Appleton-Century Co., New York. 1934. \$2.50.

This is the self-told story of a Peoria, Ill., reporter who has gone high and far in the newspaper world. Most of the book is devoted to his war and post-war experiences in Europe as a *United Press* and later *New York Herald-Tribune* correspondent. Many of the chapters appeared in the same form in the *Herald-Tribune*, of which Mr. Forrest is now assistant publisher.

"I am not attempting to glorify the newspaper game for youth seeking a career," writes Mr. Forrest. "If his desires have a material flavor, let him keep well away from such a profession. But if he has the spirit of adventure, the desire to study the sordid and the beautiful alike at close range and the will to apply the high-powered microscope to life without becoming cynical, there is reward."

"Personally, even if it were possible, I would not exchange my own experiences in twenty years of newspaper reporting for any gilt-edged certificate of riches or fame."

An enumeration of only a few of these is sufficient justification for this statement. Mr. Forrest has covered personally, usually with more than ordinary credit, landing of the Lusitania survivors, the 1916 Irish revolution, arrival of American troops in France, trial of Sir Roger Casement, the battle of Cantigny, the Lost Battalion, Armistice Day with the First Army, flight of the Kaiser to Holland, the Polish revolution, the Jenkins case in Mexico, the landing of Lindbergh in Paris.

Mr. Forrest's account of his triumph upon the last memorable item reveals upon what slender threads beats on great stories depend. His rival paper purchased from Lindbergh before he started for Paris the story of his flight and directed him to go to the Hotel Ambassador in Boulevard Haussmann for "journalistic isolation."

When French army officers rescued him from the crowd at Le Bourget, Lindbergh said he wanted to go to "the ambassador." The non-English speaking officers took this to mean the American Ambassador rather than the hotel and took the flier to the embassy in Avenue d'Iena. Instead of giving his story to a single newspaper in a secret rendezvous, the Lone Eagle was soon talking to a general gathering of newspapermen, one of the foremost of whom was Mr. Forrest.

While Paris correspondent for the

*Herald-Tribune*, Mr. Forrest was victor in a newspaper campaign a bit off the beaten path. He wrote the stories which forced the French government to place James McNeill Whistler's famous painting of his mother in the Louvre. This honor had been promised the American painter before his death but the pledge was ignored when the time came to fulfill it. Mr. Forrest found the painting in a minor and comparatively obscure gallery. His stories aroused the art world and forced France to keep her promise.

The book is readable and has fewer capital "T's" than might be expected. It deserves a place on the shelf along with the personal narratives of the same period by Frederick Palmer, Philip Gibbs, Thomas Johnson and the late William G. Shepherd.—TOM MAHONEY, Buffalo (N. Y.) Times.

### War for Circulation

**THE CUBAN CRISIS—As Reflected in the New York Press, 1895-98**, by Joseph E. Wisan. Columbia University Press. 1934. \$4.50.

"In the opinion of the writer," observes Dr. Joseph E. Wisan in the concluding chapter of this critical survey, "the Spanish-American War would not have occurred had not the appearance of Hearst in New York journalism precipitated a bitter war for newspaper circulation."

"The Cuban insurrection and its attendant horrors furnished a unique opportunity to the proprietors of the sensational press to prove their enterprise and provide the type of news that sold papers. Even the conservative papers, irritated by the emphasis the 'new journalists' placed upon Cuba, were compelled by that very emphasis to devote more space to Cuban affairs than they otherwise would have done."

Dr. Wisan charges that the *Journal* and the *World* "simply used Cuba to achieve their prime purpose—an increase in circulation."

The charges he makes are not new ones. They have been heard ever since the days of the conflict. Every student of journalistic affairs and of the foreign relations of the United States has learned of the "newspaper made" war.

Dr. Wisan, a member of the Department of History of the College of the City of New York, analyzes the developments that brought and support his conclusions.

He begins his work by outlining the newspaper situation in New York City in 1895 and discusses the men at the head of the papers. He points out that for 20 years there had been no foreign news that aroused sustained interest in the United States. Cuba was near American shores and there was sympathy for a Western people trying to break away from a European monarchy.

With frequent quotations from both news dispatches and editorial columns, and references to the drawings of Remington and others, he then traces the developments that brought an actual break between Spain and the United States nearer and nearer, and, eventually, to actuality.

He contrasts the sensational handling of the news by the *Journal*, the *World* and papers following in their wake with the more careful handling by other papers, particularly the *Evening Post*.

Regardless of whether America was justified in going to war with Spain —when diplomacy might have attained the changes desired —Dr. Wisan's study is a revealing presentation of the way wars are made by publicity and propaganda.

The 477-page volume contains a bibliography on Spanish-American relations and an index.—R. L. P.

### Interpretation

News accounts of happenings in the newspaper world seldom offer more than superficial details. To the interested newspaper man that is not enough. What, he wants to know, is the story behind the news?

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## Keep Cool—and Don't Get Shot!

(Continued from page 7)

spokesmen. He must remember deadlines.

Furthermore, when guns are popping and men are dropping, the reporter realizes the same responsibility that falls upon an officer of the law, a soldier, or whoever is required by duty to face danger. He cannot "go away from there." He must go deeper into it. Still, it may be just as bad to forget danger in the enthusiasm of doing a job, for a dead reporter gives no information to crying wires.

These are difficulties from within.

The many external difficulties may be solved by remembering the principles of reporting the time-worn who, what, when, where and why. The rules of reporting are as steadfast as military tactics and strategy. The situation may be new, surprising and exciting, but stick to the procedure you have been taught. It will fit.

Two football teams of equal strength seek to play flawless football, sticking to approved methods. Eventually, one team fails to do so in a tight place. The other team gets a "break." So it is in reportorial competition.

It's fine to use initiative and ingenuity, but there never is occasion to abandon the underlying principles. Exhibit A is that Shelbyville casualty list. It's a safe rule to get casualty lists from the hospital or undertaker. They are authorities. Rumor is inaccurate, even when divided by two.

### AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

(Continued from page 2)

SPEAKING of weekly newspapers, I wish Editor De Vine and a lot of other weekly editors and publishers could have had the privilege and pleasure I had in looking over the Silver anniversary issue of the *Mission Times*, of Mission, Texas. Joe T. Cook is its editor and manager.

The issue, notable for makeup, content and general appearance, consisted of 42 pages in five sections. The first section was devoted to general news, editorials, etc.; the second to a history of Mission and the *Times*; the third to Mission pioneers; the fourth to the development of the citrus industry in the area, and the fifth, to Mission organizations.

It was an issue far different from the too frequent anniversary sections filled with puffs and a lot of poorly written,

poorly edited material simply shoveled into columns.

### ACCORDING TO—

"You have my thanks for the fine work you are doing in THE QUILL—and my wishes for another fine year." —W. L. Lowry, College of Business Administration, University of Florida.

"It would be a calamity to miss one issue of THE QUILL. I enjoy every issue of the magazine, and look forward to its coming." —Wynne Gerou, Philadelphia.

"THE QUILL has done a wonderful job during the past year. Your selection of editorial material has been noteworthy. My humble compliments to you and your splendid staff. I want to express gratitude for your zealous endeavors in behalf of the profession." —Clifford W. Winkelman, New York City.

"I enjoy THE QUILL and find it valuable." —Henry Molden, Troy, Ill.

"My congratulations to THE QUILL. It grows more interesting with each issue." —Eugene H. Gutekunst, Niagara Falls bureau manager for the Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier-Express.

### HEAD JOURNALISTIC GROUPS

Meeting in Chicago for their annual conventions, late in December, the American Association of Schools and Departments of Journalism and the American Association of Teachers of Journalism elected the following officers:

Kenneth E. Olson, of the University of Minnesota, was reelected president of the teachers' organization; Roy L. French, of the University of Southern California, vice-president, and H. H. Herbert, of the University of Oklahoma, renamed secretary-treasurer.

Frank L. Martin, of the University of Missouri, was elected president of the organization of the schools and departments, with Harry F. Harrington of Northwestern University, vice-president, and Mr. Herbert, reelected secretary-treasurer.

Ralph D. Casey, University of Minnesota, was named editor of the *Journalism Quarterly*, succeeding Frank Luther Mott, of the University of Iowa, who had resigned. Prof. Mott was appointed chairman of the A. A. T. J. committee on research in journalism.

### BACK COPIES WANTED

TO complete its file of *The Quill*, preparatory to binding, the Department of Journalism at the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, would appreciate receiving copies of the February, 1930, and September, 1930, issues of the magazine.

# WHO «» WHAT «» WHERE

**EMIL G. GLASER** (Nebraska '28) is affiliated with the Waverly Publishing Company, Waverly, Iowa.

\* \* \*

**CARL E. HAYDEN**, Idaho State Journal reporter, Pocatello, is among contributors to "American Short Short Story" and "Modern American Poetry," anthologies published by the Galleon Press of New York City. His contributions are entitled "Western Justice" and "Spring." Hayden also was one of six authors of the booklet, "Rejection Slips," published by the Frazer Press of Topeka, Kan. Titles of his stories are "Death by Force," "Greener Pastures," "Inhuman Nature" and "Another Ambulance Call."

\* \* \*

**PAUL N. SUTTON** (Wisconsin '33) is writing continuity for Radio Station WLW in Cincinnati, O.

\* \* \*

**AL WEST** (Colorado '29) is employed in the Associated Press bureau at Albuquerque, N. M.

\* \* \*

**CURTIS D. MACDOUGALL** (Wisconsin Associate), formerly star reporter on the St. Louis (Mo.) Star-Times, was recently appointed editor of the Evanston (Ill.) News-Index.

\* \* \*

**MICHAEL S. KENNEDY** (Montana '33) is located in Helena as a director of publicity for the FERA in the state of Montana.

\* \* \*

**ROBERT W. RUHL** and **HUGH G. BALL**, both nationally recognized editors, have been elected associate members of the University of Oregon chapter of Sigma Delta Chi.

Editor Ruhl received national recognition for his journalistic efforts when his Medford Mail-Tribune was awarded the 1933 Pulitzer prize for the most disinterested and meritorious public service rendered by an American newspaper. The five hundred dollar gold medal received by Ruhl was the first to go to a newspaper in a city of less than 35,000.

Editor Ball is president of the Oregon State Editorial association. He earned for the Hood River News numerous honors. Twice under his editorship the *News* has been judged to have the year's best editorial page and received the Paul R. Kelty cup offered by Sigma Delta Chi. The *News* also received the Sigma Delta Chi cup offered by the Oregon chapter for the best weekly in Oregon. Ball in 1932 was named a member of John H. Casey's All-American Weekly Newspaper "Eleven."

\* \* \*

**CLIFTON BLACKMON** (Missouri '26) has resigned as associate editor of the Insur-

ance Field in charge of the New York office to edit a new Texas insurance magazine with headquarters in Dallas.

\* \* \*

**DOUGLASS W. MILLER** (DePauw '16) was appointed assistant professor of journalism in the new School of Journalism at Syracuse University. Mr. Miller began his work at the university at the opening of this college year.

\* \* \*

**CHARLES VICTOR KNOX** (Northwestern '24), former editor of *Screen Play* and *Hollywood* magazines, has been named drama critic of the Buffalo (N. Y.) *Evening News*.

\* \* \*

**ALBERT F. KOECKE** (Michigan '25), formerly with the Detroit Free Press and the Detroit Times, is employed as a field adjustor by the NRA in Michigan.

\* \* \*

**HARLAN A. HARRISON** (Iowa State '34) has accepted a position in the advertising department of the Storm Lake (Ia.) Pilot-Tribune.

\* \* \*

**ALFRED M. LEE** (Pittsburgh '27) began his work as assistant professor of journalism at the University of Kansas at the opening of this college year.

\* \* \*

**EDWIN OGBORNE** (Butler '31) is now a reporter of the staff of the Indianapolis Times.

\* \* \*

**MUNROE KEZER** (Nebraska '29), formerly with the Lincoln (Neb.) Star recently joined the staff of the Associated Press bureau in Washington, D. C.

\* \* \*

**WILFRED FEHLHABER** (Montana '27) has been transferred from the Helena (Mont.) to the Denver (Colo.) bureau of the Associated Press as filing editor.

\* \* \*

**JOHN B. CURTIS** (Montana '33), until recently secretary of the Montana farm debt advisory board, has joined the reportorial staff of the Montana Record-Herald at Helena. He is also working as relief man for the Helena Bureau of AP.

\* \* \*

**A. J. KOELKER** (Iowa State '32) is with the press service staff of NBC in Chicago.

\* \* \*

**HOWARD J. CARSWELL** (Purdue '25), formerly staff member of the *Wall Street Journal* in Washington, D. C., is now with the financial news department of the New York World Telegram.

\* \* \*

**LESTER A. BLUMMER** (Cornell '30) is now editor and publisher of the *Daily Bil-*

*xian*, Biloxi, Miss. Mr. Blummer was formerly with the Yonkers (N. Y.) *Herald Statesman*, the New York *World Telegram* and *International News Service*.

\* \* \*

**LEE ROGERS**, student in the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism at the University of Georgia, exhibited copies of some of the leading newspapers he assembled while on a world cruise last fall to members of the Georgia chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalism fraternity, recently. Rogers is a member of the Georgia chapter.

\* \* \*

**ROBERT GAMZEY** (Colorado '32), sports writer on the *Denver Post*, and Miss Esther Mae Sher, of Denver, were married January 13.

\* \* \*

**THOMAS W. DUNCAN** (Drake), a member of the book reviewing staff of the Des Moines *Sunday Register*, is the author of a novel, "O, Chautauqua," which is to be published in the near future by Coward-McCann, Inc. Duncan, a reporter on the Des Moines Tribune following his college work at Drake and Harvard, has written a number of short stories.

\* \* \*

**GEORGE OVIE HOPKINS** (Oklahoma '32) and Mrs. Hopkins, now located in High Rolls, N. M., are the parents of a daughter, Georgiana, born Jan. 9. Hopkins, who has written articles for THE QUILL, formerly was associated with the National Editorial Association in Chicago.

\* \* \*

**JOHN D. O'HARA**, oldest employee of the Janesville (Wis.) *Gazette*, and widely known through southern Wisconsin for his articles on bird and plant life, died Dec. 27. Mr. O'Hara, one-time foreman of the *Gazette's* composing room, had never worked on any other paper. Seventy-seven years old at the time of his death, he became a *Gazette* employe at the age of 19, thus serving the same paper for 58 years. His editor paid him a splendid tribute in the issue of the following day, devoting the entire editorial column to that purpose.

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## «» AS WE VIEW IT «»

### WHAT THE TEACHERS DID

**A**LTHOUGH some weeks have passed since the joint convention of the American Association of Schools and Departments of Journalism and the American Association of Teachers of Journalism in Chicago, we would like to call attention to the action taken at that meeting.

A statement unanimously adopted by both groups, reaffirmed a statement made 10 years ago, which read:

"Because of the importance of newspapers and periodicals to society and government, adequate preparation for journalism is as necessary for all persons who desire to engage in journalism as it is for those who intend to practice law or medicine. No other profession has a more vital relation to the welfare of society or the success of democratic government than has journalism. No other profession requires a wider range of knowledge or greater ability to supply such knowledge to current events and problems than does journalism. Adequate preparation for journalism, therefore, must be sufficiently broad in scope to familiarize the future journalist with the important fields of knowledge, and sufficiently practical to show the application of the knowledge to the practice of journalism."

"We believe," the statement continued, "that the minimum preparation for newspaper and press association workers should be a four-year college course that includes instruction in economics, government and politics, sociology, psychology, history, natural science, and literature, as well as courses in the function of the press, the history of the newspaper, the ethics of journalism, the technique of newspaper work, and the application of the knowledge gained in all fields to newspaper writing and editing.

"The 'up-from-office boy' method of preparation should be discouraged as inadequate for the demands of present-day journalism."

The joint statement then added:

"We believe that, in order to obtain and retain the services of mature, well-educated men and women, newspapers and press associations must pay salaries commensurate with the education and the ability that intelligent newspaper work requires."

**N**O one, we feel, would quarrel with any of those statements. They are similar in tone to the resolution adopted by Sigma Delta Chi at the fraternity's recent Silver Anniversary convention, reaffirming the organization's established stand that journalism needs well trained minds and adequate pay.

The sentiments contained in the statements bear constant repetition. They are as significant and applicable today as they were 10 or 15 years ago—perhaps in some instances even more so.

It appears that the associations, the fraternity and the American Newspaper Guild have much the same objectives, but their methods of striving for them differ. One way has been indirect, working for a gradual effecting of the ends sought; the other, direct and seeking immediate adjustments. There has been and is honest difference of opinion as to which is the best procedure.

**T**HE associations also went on record as believing that teachers in schools and colleges should be responsible for their teaching only to their immediate superiors in the educational system, and that neither they nor their superiors should be subject to interference by political, economic or other groups outside that system.

Further, they stated their belief in freedom of the press for student publications to the extent "at least of permit-

ting student editors to present and to discuss the conditions under which they are living and are being educated, subject only to the restrictions of the law and of the generally accepted standards of decency, good taste and sound judgment."

### MORE ABOUT PUBLICITY

**W**E spoke in these columns last month of Theodore Joslin's article in *Red Book* on the large number of former newspaper and press association men now turning out publicity for the administration and its many activities.

Paul Mallon, in his "Purely Confidential" column, had something to say somewhat along the same lines recently. He spoke of a confidential memo sent around inside the Federal Trade Commission, cautioning employees to remember that information concerning the commission should be given out only through the "regular publicity source."

The similarity of that memo to orders issued in the Interior Department, he continued, indicated that the New Deal may be trying generally to tighten up. He concluded with the observation that if such centralization of news sources continues there may come a day when there will be but one Washington New Deal news source.

Centralization and censorship, so closely allied as to make them practically synonymous at times, seem to be in the air. And, speaking of censorship, did you read where the Louisiana Kingfish tried to clamp down a strict censorship concerning the uprising against his régime?

All these things make it more difficult for newsgathers to get the truth of things—but so long as newspapers and press associations get and keep men of brains, ingenuity, integrity and ability to make friends the truth will out.

### WHAT TO DO?

**T**HE many unseemly things that Huey Long is credited with perpetrating make us wonder what attitude the newspapers of the country should take toward him.

Should they ban his name from their columns? Should they paint him as a buffoon? Ridicule him? Simply report his antics?

We wonder if the newspapers and magazines that have used satirical material in reference to Long haven't been playing into his hands. He seems to thrive on publicity—to crave it at any price—to be of the type that likes any sort of publicity, good or bad, so long as he gets public attention.

It seems to us it would be good policy to use his name as little as possible in the news columns of the nation. No, we're not suggesting that his name be banned entirely. That again would be playing into his hands, as it would enable him to accuse the press of censorship. But we do feel that the Kingfish and his antics should get no more space than absolutely necessary and then only when news value demands it.

As for the syndicate that recently offered newspapers a column by the Kingfish, whom they proclaimed the "author-statesman-journalist," we don't wish it any bad luck but if it sells many newspapers the idea of letting Huey Long bombast in their columns—and get paid for doing it—we are going to be very much surprised.

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